

The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XXI.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1857.

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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

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J. COBB, Editor. W. J. FULLER, Business Manager.

TERMS.
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BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.
Done in modern style, and at short notice.

BUSINESS CARDS.

CALVIN G. TILDEN,
Fire and Life Insurance Agent.
Office, in the Engine Building, 23
Middlebury, Nov. 25, 1856. \$2.

WILLIAM F. BASCOM,
Attorney at Law.
Office in Stewart's Building, over R. L. Fuller's store.
Middlebury, May 27, 1856. 6

JOHN W. STEWART,
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. 26

Charles L. Allen, M.D.
Physician and Surgeon.
Having resigned his Professorship in the Eastern Medical College, and also having terminated his engagement with Middlebury College, will give his professional attention to his profession.

Office at his residence, first house North of the Congregational Meeting House.
Middlebury, Nov. 26, 1856. \$2.1y

DR. WM. M. BASS,
Would inform the citizens of this village and vicinity, that his present residence is the first door south of the Court House, where he will be in readiness to attend calls in his profession, and will accept gratefully a share of public patronage.
Middlebury April 22, 1856. 11f

EDWARD MUSSEY
Respectfully informs the people of this county and the public at large, that he has taken the

ADDISON HOUSE,
In Middlebury, for a term of years. He intends to keep a first rate house, and hopes by strict attention to the wants of his guests and moderate charges, to merit a liberal share of the public patronage.
Middlebury, May 21, 1856. 5:

A. H. COPELAND,
DEALER IN
Books, Stationery, Magazines,
NEWSPAPERS, AND CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,
At the Telegraph Office, near the Bridge.

S. HOLTON, JR.,
DEALER IN
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,
AND FANCY ARTICLES.
Near the Bridge, Middlebury, Vt.
All work done in a neat and durable manner.
At low rates. 21

MIDDLEBURY AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE AND IRON STORE.

JASON DAVENPORT,
Wholesale and retail dealer in all kinds of AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, IRON, STOVES, HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c. &c.
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.

GEORGE M. BROWN,
TAILOR.
Informs his friends and customers, that he has opened a shop in Stewart's building over the store of R. L. Fuller, where he will attend to all business in his line.
Cutting done to suit customers.
Wanted—a good Journeyman.
Middlebury, Oct. 15, 1856. 26tf

Elegant Illustrated National Works.
THE WORKS OF THE BRITISH POETS—selected and chronologically arranged, from Ben Jonson to Scott. Illustrated with an immense number of steel plate engravings. To be published in 47 Fortnightly Parts, at 25 cents each. Monthly Parts 50 each.

MORSE'S GENERAL ATLAS OF THE WORLD, containing 70 Maps drawn and engraved from the best authorities, with descriptions and statistics of all nations of the year 1856. To be completed in 33 Semi-Monthly Parts 25 cents each.

THE REPUBLICAN COURT; By Rufus W. Griswold. To be published in 21 semi-monthly Nos. 25cts. each.

THE PICTORIAL CYCLOPEDIA OF BIOGRAPHY: Embracing a series of original memoirs of the most distinguished persons of all times. Illustrated with 600 engravings and steel plates. To be published in Fortnightly Parts, 25cts. each.

DRED; A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp by Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of Uncle Tom's Cabin. 2 vols. 12mo. Muslin. Price \$1.75. Portraits of the author, size 25X 34. Price 25cts. plain and colored. Portraits of Fillmore and Buchanan, plain \$1.00, colored \$3.00.

Persons desirous of subscribing for any of the above mentioned books, will please apply to the subscriber.

Canvassers wanted. F. S. MARTIN. 21tf

Barre Academy.
The winter term will begin on Thursday, Nov. 20.

Extract from a report of the Examining Committee: "We cheerfully say that it is one of the excellent schools in our State, and worthy of the patronage of friends of sound learning; and we are happy to know that it is receiving this in a large degree."

J. S. PAULING, Principal.
Barre, Oct. 23, 1856. 25tf

DAILY PAPERS—New York Daily Times, Tribune and Herald, and Boston Journal, received daily, at COPELANDS.

POCKET MAPS OF KANSAS, for sale by L. W. CLARK.

Poetry.

Written for the Middlebury Register.

The Loved and Lost.

BY JULIA B.

Where are they, the well-beloved,
Who have shared life's joys and pain?
Ah, we miss those fellow-pilgrims—
Shall we meet them ne'er again?

Oh we listen for the coming
Of their footsteps 'mid the gloom;
Vainly still, for they are sleeping
In the lonely, silent tomb.

Had the shadows gather'd darkly
O'er their clustering joys of life?
Did they perch—the true-hearted—
Wearily of the eager strife?

Did the breath of scorn, or envy,
On life's flowers shed its blight?
Did the busy tongue of falsehood
Turn their morning into night?

Thou, who knowest every sorrow
Of life's dark and tolling way,
Lead our souls, in duties' pathway,
Onward—to the "perfect day."

For our hearts are oft rebellious
When beneath the chastening rod,
On the plains we love to wander
Farther from the mount of God.

But we'll onward press, and upward,
Let us turn aside no more,
For our loved-ones are not perished,
They are only "gone before."

Overall, Vermont.

The Dying and the Dead.

The following lines, written by CHARLES G. EASTMAN, of Vermont, are extremely touching and musical; and, oh how sadly graphic:

I softly!
She is lying
With her lips apart,
Softly!
She is dying
Of a broken heart.

Whisper!
She is going
To her final rest.
Whisper!
Life is growing
Dim within her breast.

Gently!
She is sleeping:
She has breathed her last;
Gently!
While you're weeping,
She to Heaven has passed.

Overall, Vermont.

Miscellany.

Morning and Night.

The following exquisite passages are from Mr. Everett's Address on the Uses of Astronomy, delivered in Albany, a short time since, on the occasion of the inauguration of the Dudley Astronomical Observatory:

Much, however, as we are indebted to our observatories for elevating our conceptions of the heavenly bodies, they present even to the unaided sight scenes of glory which words are too feeble to describe. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rattle of the train. It was a mild, serene, mid-summer's night—the sky without a cloud, the winds were hushed. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day. The Pleiades just above the horizon shed their sweet influence in the East; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye in the South; the steady pointers far beneath the Pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the North to their Sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the small stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together, but the bright constellations of the West and North remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved in the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their whole eyes; the East began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky—the whole celestial concave was filled with the flowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one grand ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his course.

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who in the morning of the world went up the hill tops of Central Asia, and ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement, when I am told that in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

There is much by day to engage the attention of the Observatory; the sun, his apparent motions, his dimensions, the spot on his disc, (to us the faint indications of unimagined grandeur in his luminous atmosphere,) a solar eclipse, a transit of the inferior planets, the mysteries of Spectra; all phenomena of first importance and interest. But night is the Astronomer's accepted time; he goes to his delightful labors when the busy world goes to its rest. A dark pall spreads over the resorts of active life; terrestrial objects, hill and valley, and rock and stream, and the abodes of men disappear; but the curtain is drawn up which concealed the heavenly hosts—There they shine and there they move, as they moved and shone to the eyes of Galileo and Kepler and Copernicus, of Ptolemy and Hipparchus; yes, as they moved and shone when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. All has changed on earth; but the glorious heavens remain unchanged. The plough passes over the site of mighty cities—the homes of powerful nations are desolate; the languages they spoke are forgotten; but the stars that shone for them are shining for us—the same eclipses run their steady cycle—the same equinoxes call out the flowers of spring, and send the husbandman to the harvest; the sun pauses at either tropic as he did when his course began; and sun and moon, and planet and satellite, and star and constellation and galaxy, still bear witness to the power, the wisdom and the love, which placed them in the heavens, and upholds them there.

MEETING OF JACKSON AND J. Q. ADAMS AT PRESIDENT MONROE'S LEVEE.
The following account of the rencounter between General Jackson and J. Q. Adams, at President Monroe's levee, the night after Adams' election over Jackson for the Presidency, by the House of Representatives, is taken from Peter Parley's "Recollections of his Lifetime."

I shall pass over other individuals present, only noting an incident which respects the two persons in the assembly, who, most of all others, engrossed the thoughts of the visitors. Mr. Adams, the elect, Mr. Jackson, the defeated. It chanced, in the course of the evening, that these two persons, involved in the throng, approached each other from opposite directions, yet without knowing it. Suddenly, as they were almost together, the persons around, seeing what was to happen, by a sort of instinct, stepped aside and let them face. Mr. Adams was by himself; General Jackson had a large, handsome lady on his arm. They looked at each other for a moment, and then General Jackson moved forward, and reaching out his long arm, said: "How do you do, Mr. Adams?" "I give you my left hand, for the right, you see, is devoted to the fair; I hope you are very well, sir." All this he said gallantly and heartily said and done. Mr. Adams took the General's hand, and said, with chilling coldness: "Very well, sir; I hope Gen. Jackson is well!"

I was curious to see the Western planter, the Indian fighter, the stern soldier, who had written his country's glory in the blood of the enemy at New Orleans—genial and gracious in the midst of a court, while the old courtier and diplomatist was stiff and cold as a statue! It was all the more remarkable from the fact that, four hours before, the former had been defeated, and the latter was a victor in a struggle for one of the highest objects of human ambition. The personal character of these two individuals was in fact well expressed in that chance meeting; the gallantry, the frankness and the heartiness of the one, which captivated all; the coldness, the distance, the self-concentration of the other, which repelled all. A somewhat severe, but still acute analysis of Mr. Adams' character, says: "Undoubtedly one of the great reasons of his unpopularity was his cold and antipathetic manner, and the suspicion of selfishness is suggested, or at least added greatly to confirm. None approached Mr. Adams but to recede. He never succeeded—he never tried to conciliate."

are in love with a particular man, treat him with formality, and every one else with ease and freedom.

If you are disposed to be petish or insolent, it is better to exercise your ill-humor on your dog or your cat, or your servant, than on your friend.

If you would preserve beauty, rise early.

If you would preserve esteem, be gentle.

If you would obtain power, be condescending.

If you would be happy, endeavor to promote the happiness of others.

From the N. Y. Pictogram.

Doosticks Encounters Grim Death.

Do you want to know why I've been absent from your columns for a couple of weeks? I've been sick—Grim Death has been around—on a sickle, and set down face to face with me, said that he had come for Doosticks, and that I had better make my will, say Good Bye to my friends, and mention that I shouldn't be back.

My sickness came thus—there was a fire in a row of tenement houses, and my dear friend, Miss Miggs, stood where she could watch the progress of the flames—some one cried out that there was a child in the burning house—felt like a hero in the presence of Miss Miggs—resolved to save the child in the presence of Miss Miggs, or perish in the attempt before Miss Miggs.

Dashed up ladder in full sight of Miss Miggs, making a misstep and taking the skin off my shin as preliminary move—didn't mind it at all—what was mine when Miss Miggs was looking on! Got into the house—heard the child squall—couldn't see it for the smoke—tried to find it in the dark—walked over the stove and overturned a kettle of boiling water into my boots—breathed smoke enough to set a small volcano up in business, and at last reached the bed and caught hold of the squaller—wasn't very particular how I took hold, and am now convinced that I carried it out by one leg. Head downward, all over the upper stories of the whole block in my search for the window where the ladder was—discovered it at last, and tore one leg of my pantaloons entirely off on the iron hook with which it was decorated—got down, turned the baby right side up, and delivered it in good condition to its mother, who set up a genuine Irish howl, and instantly began to give me "particulars," for bringing her baby out doors without wrapping it up warm, for, as she then informed me it had had the small pox for six days, and she was afraid it would "strike out."

I myself felt very much disposed to "strike out," but my anger vanished as I thought of Miss Miggs—started to go and see her—remembered the unbroken row of my pantaloons, and refrained—bowed to her, however, which she didn't see, and then was on the instant tipped over into the mud by the foreman of House 88, who at the same time volunteered his kind advice to "mind where you're looking!"—this she did see, and evidently thought it funny.

Went to bed, and dreamed exclusively of Irish babies—thought that I was in a large plantation of babies, set out in regular rows like cabbages—they were all growing vigorously—tried to get out, but innumerable Celtic offspring sprouted under my feet, and my legs were tangled in their tender embraces—finally I struggled to the end of the field, when I found that it was hedged in with screaming babies fourteen deep, all alive, all Irish, and all with double-headed small-pox. Then my own body began to change into babies—they budded out all over me, and I awoke just as each leg had blossomed into a pug-nosed boy, and two pairs of red-head twins had sprouted out between my shoulders.

Found I was sick—Doctor came and told me what ailed me. Small-pox is an interesting disease regarded from a pathological point of view by a physician in good health; but contemplated practically by a flat-on-his-back patient, the study is not so entertaining.

Here Doosticks gives a history of the progress of the disease, and the medicines used, &c., and closes his letter as follows: My head was now as big as a peach-basket, and my nose reminded me of a huge nutmeg-grater—in two days more I resembled a colossal statue cut out of sausage meat, and now although I am nearly recovered, my body looks as though I had fought, single-handed, a severe battle with an immense army of industrious fleas.

But there wasn't small-pox enough to finish me, (although I sincerely hope that with that blessed infant the case was otherwise,) and accordingly, after a fair trial, it backed down, a whipped institution, leaving the subscriber with a few little holes in his face as mementoes of the combat; which marks the undersigned proposes to either cover up with white-kerosene, or to have some kind of original diploma. Struckly:

Q. K. PHILANDER DOOSTICKS, P. B.

P. S.—The fire reporter made a mistake, and instead of my name, printed "Jenkins" as the "heroic preserver of the helpless infant." Miss Miggs believes it, and smiles on Jenkins. He gets all the honor, and I got, among other trifles, the small-pox.

P. P. S.—I hope the child has entirely recovered, bless its dear little heart!

How TO PUT OUT A CIGAR.—An elegantly dressed lady recently entered a railroad car in Paris, where were three or four gentlemen, one of whom was lighting a cigar. Observing her with the characteristic politeness of a Frenchman, he asked her if smoking would inconvenience her. She turned towards him, and with quiet dignity replied, "I do not know, sir; no gentleman has ever yet smoked in my presence."

Beware of Drifting.
Few people form habits of wrongdoing deliberately and willfully. They glide into them by degrees and almost unconsciously, and before they are aware of danger, the habits are confirmed and require resolute and persistent effort to effect a change. "Resist beginnings" was a maxim of the ancients, and should be preserved as a landmark in our day. The Baltimore Sun has a good article on the slight beginnings of danger which end in fatal ruin.

"It was only the other day that a man fell asleep in his boat on the Niagara river. During his slumber the boat broke loose from her moorings, and he woke to find himself shooting down the rapids directly towards the cataract. In vain he shrieked for help; in vain he tried to row against the current. He drifted on and on till his light craft upset, when he was borne rapidly to the abyss, and, leaping up with a wild cry, went over and disappeared forever."

"In the great battle of Gibraltar, when the united fleets of France and Spain attacked the impregnable fortress, one of the gigantic floating batteries broke from her anchorage and began to drift directly into the hottest of the British fire. The thousand men who formed the crew of the unwieldy manna vainly strove to arrest its progress or divert it from its path. Every minute it drifted nearer to the English guns, every minute some new part took fire from the red-hot shot, every minute another score of its hapless defenders were swept like chaff from its decks. The most superhuman efforts failed to prevent its drifting with its human freight to inevitable death."

"A ship was wrecked at sea. The passengers and crew took refuge on a raft, the boat having been stove in the attempt to launch them. For days and weeks these unfortunate drifted about without out or rail on the lost broken wreck of an ocean. At last their provisions failed, and then their water. Still they drifted about, vainly looking for a sail or hoping for a sight of land. The time had now come when that fearful alternative became inevitable—death from starvation or feeding on human flesh—and they were just beginning to eat lots for a victim, when a vessel was seen on the distant horizon. They abandoned their terrible design; the stranger would approach. The ship came towards them; she drew nearer and nearer. They strove to attract her attention by shouts, and by raising their clothing; but the indolent look out saw them not. They shouted louder and louder, still they were not seen. At last the vessel tacked. With frantic terror they rose in one body, shouting and waving their garments. It was in vain; the unconscious ship stood steadily away. Night drew on, and as the darkness fell, the raft drifted and drifted in the other direction till the last traces of the vessel were lost forever."

"So it is in life. The intemperate man who thinks he at least will never die a drunkard, whatever his neighbor may do, only wakes to find himself drifting down the estuary, and all hope gone. The sensualist, who lives merely for his own gratification, drifts into an emaciated old age, to be tortured with passions he cannot gratify, and perish by merciless agonizing diseases. The undisciplined who never learned to control themselves, who are spendthrifts, or passionate, or indolent, or visionary, soon make shipwreck of themselves, and drift about the sea of life the prey of every wind and current, vainly shrieking for help, till at last they drift away into darkness and death."

"Take care that you are not drifting. See that you have fast hold of the helm. The breakers of life forever roar under the lee, and adverse gales continually blow on the shore. Are you watching how she heads? Do you keep a firm grip of the wheel? If you give way but for one moment you may drift helplessly into the boiling vortex. Young men make care! It rests with yourself alone, under God, whether you reach port triumphantly or drift to ruin."

Curious Facts of Natural History.

A single female house-fly produces in a season 20,000,000.

Some female spiders produce nearly 2,000 eggs.

Dr. Bright published a case of an egg producing an insect 80 years after it must have been laid.

About thirty fresh-water springs are discovered under the sea, on the south of the Persian Gulf.

A wasp's nest usually contains 15,000 or 16,000 cells.

The Atlantic Ocean is estimated as three miles, and the Pacific as four miles deep.

There are six or seven generations of goats in a summer, and each lays 250 eggs.

There are about 9,000 cells in a square foot of honey-comb. 5,000 bees weigh a pound.

A swarm of bees contains from 10,000 to 20,000 in a natural state, and from 30,000 to 40,000 in a hive.

The bones of birds are hollow, and filled with air instead of marrow.

A cow eats 100 pounds of green food every 24 hours, and yields five quarts, or ten pounds of milk.

Fish are common in the seas of Sarinam with four eyes—two of them on horns which grow on the top of their heads.

Two thousand nine hundred silk-worms produce one pound of silk; but it would require 27,000 spiders, all females, to produce one pound of web.

Captain Beaufort saw, near Smyrna, in 1841, a cloud of locusts 46 miles long and 300 yards deep, containing, as he calculated, 100 billions.

Loewenhoeck reckoned 17,000 divisions in the corner (outer coat of the eye) of a butterfly, each one of which he thought possessed a crystalline lens.

Spiders, etc., are similarly provided for. The spring of a watch weighs 0.15 of a grain; a pound of iron makes 50,000. The pound of steel costs 24; a single spring, 2d; so that 50,000 produce \$116.

With a view to collect their webs for silk, 4,000 spiders were once obtained, but they soon killed each other. Manufacturers and war never thrive together.

Spiders have four pairs for spinning their threads, each pair having 1,000 holes, and the fine web itself the union of 4,000 threads. No spider spins more than four webs, and when the four is destroyed they seize on the webs of others.

Every pound of cochineal contains 70,000 insects killed to death, and from 600,000 to 700,000 pounds are annually brought to Europe for scarlet and crimson dyes.

A queen-bee will lay 200 eggs daily for 50 or 60 days, and the eggs are hatched in three days. A single queen-bee has been stated to produce 100,000 bees in a season.

The quantity of water discharged into the sea by all the rivers in the world is estimated at 36 cubic miles in a day; hence it would take above 35,000 years to create a circuit of the whole sea, through clouds and rivers.

River water contains about 23 grains of solid matter to every cubic foot. Hence, such a river as the Rhine carries to the sea every day 145,980 cubic feet of sand or stone.

Mole-hills are curiously formed by an outer arch impervious to rain, and an internal platform with drains, and covered ways on which the pair and young reside. The moles live on worms and roots, and bury themselves in any soil in a few minutes.

Few insects live more than a year in their perfect state. Their first state is the egg, then the caterpillar, then the chrysalis or pupa, and finally the procreative form. And in these changes there are infinite degrees and varieties of transition, all of which constitute the pleasing and very instructive study of Entomology.

DEATH OF HON. SAMUEL PRENTISS.
L. L. D.—This event—especially sad to our town, to the State, and to the many throughout the nation who have been the associates of the deceased in public service—occurred on Thursday of last week. For more than half a century has Judge Prentiss been a citizen of Montpelier, and altogether his "foremost man" in his high profession; and for a large portion of his career it may be justly said that he was the "foremost man" of the State. As a Lawyer, Judge and Senator, he ranked with our highest, and the dignity of his bearing and of his character were fully equal to the posts of eminence which it was his lot so long and so ably to fill. The funeral was attended at the brick church, on last Sabbath, by a large concourse, and the discourse of the pastor embraced a just and eloquent tribute to his personal and christian character. It is fit that such a man should also have another record, and we trust the task will find an able hand—Watchman.

The following is from the Springfield Republican:

SUNDAY SCHOOL INCIDENT.—A few Sabbaths since, a teacher in one of the Sunday schools of this city, having exhausted the lessons of the day proposed, as had been customary with him, to tell some Bible story to his class of little boys. The boys had learned to take a good deal of interest in these stories, and several were anxious for the repetition of certain narratives that had previously delighted them. At last, one

bright eyed little fellow, in the most eager manner possible, exclaimed, "tell us about the woman that was turned into a salt-cellar." Then, turning to his companions, in order to carry his proposition with them, he added with infinite gusto, and a face radiant with assurance, "Ah! that's the neatest thing!"

AN ITEM FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.—It will cost but a penny to try the following, which an exchange recommends for keeping stoves and ranges bright:

Make a weak alum water and mix your British lusters with it; put two spoonfuls to a gallon of alum water, let the stove be cold, and brush it with the mixture; then take a dry brush and lustre, and rub the stove till it is dry. Should any part, before polishing become so dry as to look gray, moisten it with a wet brush, and proceed as before. By two applications a year, it can be kept as bright as a coach body.

KISSING THE WRONG ONE.—The Keokuk (Iowa) Gate City tells a tough story of a young fellow who was smitten by the charms of a Miss P., of that city, but her father and mother not favoring the match, he was in the habit of stealing into the house after papa and mamma had retired. One night, however, the old lady happened to be up when he rapped, and slipping down to open the door, the lover, in the dark, mistaking the mother for the daughter, bestowed a perfect storm of kisses and hugs in such rapid succession, that the insulted lady could not cry "enough" for some time. When he discovered his mistake, he fled in all haste; but, as it appears, the blunder was not finally unfortunate; the sincerity of his affection probably won over the mother, and the lovers were married without opposition.

A MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE.—Fashionable folks have ceased to marry. Now, according to Jenkins and his imitators, "they form a matrimonial alliance," upon which Susan Jane writes to inquire "if such an alliance is to be considered offensive and defensive?" Mr. Punch ventures to reply—"offensive when misfortune or difficulty is to be attacked and overcome; defensive when sorrow or sickness assails; and expensive when certain little parties, whether or not, will join in the compact."

IN SEASON.—Some insane editor up North says, the season of the healthy exercise of shovelling snow has arrived, and our citizens will soon have to turn out in the morning and clear the path. Particular care should be taken that the path be dug wide enough to admit the free passage of ladies with the hoop-skirts, with switching off places at intervals, in case two of them should happen to meet.

Some editor says the destiny of the world often hangs upon the smallest trifles. A little miff between Charles Bonaparte and his love Letitia might have broken off a marriage which gave birth to Napoleon and the battle of Waterloo. To which the Chicago Advertiser says: "Yes, that's a fact. Suppose a 'little miff' had taken place between Adam and Eve? What then?"

Brilliant thoughts are often slow in their formation, like the diamond. Thos. Moore was frequently three weeks in writing a song. The Lord Hook often took about the same time to perpetrate an "impromptu," and Sheridan was frequently all day in getting up a joke, which was repeated by some to be the inspiration of the moment.

A smart chap once borrowed a dictionary, and on returning it was asked how he liked it, replied "Very well; all the objection I have to it, it doesn't dwell long on one subject." Sensible young gent, that.

One of the deacons of a certain church asked the bishop if he usually kissed the bride at weddings.

"Always," was the reply.

"And how do you manage when the happy pair are negroes?" was the deacon's next question.

"In all such cases," replied the bishop, "the duty of kissing is appointed to the deacons."

A Yankee proposes to build an establishment which we may drive a sheep in at one end, and have it come out at the other as four quarters of mutton, a felt hat, a pair of drawers, a leather apron, and a quart of dictionary.

It is said that the mummy of Nebuchadnezzar has been found by Mr. Layard at Babylon. The green grass in his stomach settled the question.

A man up in New Hampshire, went out gunning one day last spring; he saw a flock of pigeons sitting on a limb of an old pine, as he dropped a ball into his gun and fired. The ball split the limb, which closed up and caught the toes of all the birds on it. He saw that he had got them all. So he fastened two bulls together and fired, and the limb off, which fell into the river, he then waded in and brought it ashore. On counting them there were three hundred pigeons, and in his boots there were two barrels of shad.

Philosophy says that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many closed eyes that are seen in our churches every Sunday.

A young lady being asked by a politician which party she was most in favor of replied that she preferred the wedding party.